



Samantha Fitzpatrick

Artist without his bark

He sketched to kill the days that were wasted anyway,
pressed too hard on leads that weren't supposed to break,
but they were liars.

Every night, before he slept, he vowed tomorrow
to sketch himself a personality,
follow-up with limbs and soulful artist's eyes,
pencil in a strand or two out of place on a skull of matted hair to pull
off

the not-so-put-together look,
but mornings never came and the evenings were too late
to do anything at all worthwhile doing.

He was rooted into consequence he never recognized the cause of,
busied himself with leaving until he couldn't get away.

